

*Paul.* Tell her (*Emilia*)

He yfe that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't  
As boldnesse from my bosome, let not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it.

He to the Queene: please you come something neerer.

*Gao.* Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,  
I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,  
Hauing no warrant.

*Paul.* You neede not feare it (*fit*)

This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is  
By Law and processe of great Nature, thence  
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to  
The anger of the King, nor guilty of  
(If any be) the trespassse of the Queene.

*Gao.* I do beleuee it.

*Paul.* Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I  
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

*Exeunt*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus,  
and Lords.*

*Leo.* Nornight, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse  
To beare the matter thus: mere weaknesse, if  
The cause were not in being: part o'th' cause,  
She, th' Adulteresse: for the harlot-King  
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke  
And leuell of my braine: plot-prooffe: but shee,  
I can hooke to me: say that she were gone,  
Giuen to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me againe. Whole there?

*Ser.* My Lord.

*Leo.* How do's the boy?

*Ser.* He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd  
His sicknesse is discharg'd.

*Leo.* To see his Noblenesse,  
Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother.  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,  
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe:  
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,  
And down-right languish'd. Leau me solely: goe,  
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,  
The very thought of my Reuenges that way  
Recoyle vpon me: in himselfe too mightie,  
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,  
Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance  
Take it on her: *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*  
Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor  
Shall shee, within my powre.

*Enter Paulina.*

*Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:  
Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)  
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,  
More free, then he is ieaalous.

*Antig.* That's enough.

*Ser.* Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded  
None should come at him.

*Paul.* Nor so hot (good Sir)

I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sigh  
At each his needlesse heauings: such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I  
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;  
(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,  
That presses him from sleepe.

*Leo.* Who noyse there, hoe?

*Paul.* No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,  
About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

*Leo.* How?

Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,  
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,  
I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so (my Lord)

On your displeasures perill, and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leo.* What? canst not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonestie he can: in this  
(Vnlesse he take the course that you haue done)  
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,  
He shall not rule me:

*Ant.* La-you now, you heare,  
When she will take the raine, I let her run,  
But shee'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my Liege, I come:

And I beseech you heare me, who professes  
My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,  
Your most obedient Counsaillor: yet that dares  
Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles,  
Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come  
From your good Queene.

*Leo.* Good Queene?

*Paul.* Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,  
I say good Queene,  
And would by combate, make her good so, were I  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leo.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,  
But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene  
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,  
Heere 'tis: Commends it to your blessing.

*Leo.* Out:

A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:  
A most intelligencing bawd.

*Paul.* Nor so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you,  
In so entic'ling me: and no lesse honest  
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant  
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:

*Leo.* Traitors;

Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard,  
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnrooted  
By thy dame *Parlet* heere. Take vp the Bastard,  
Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Croane.

*Paul.* For euer

Vnuerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak't vp the Princesse, by that forced basenesse  
Which he ha's put vpon't.

*Leo.* He dreads his Wife.

*Paul.* So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt  
You'd call your children, yours.

*Leo.* A nest of Traitors.

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.* Nor I: nor any

But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,

The

*Antig.* I did not, Sir:

These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,  
Can cleare me in't.

*Lords.* We can: my Royall Liege,

He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

*Leo.* You're lyers all.

*Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:

We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and beseech

So to esteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,

(As recompence of our deare seruices

Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must

Lead on to some foule issue. We all kneele.

*Leo.* I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:

Shall I liue on, to see this Bastard kneele,

And call me Father? better burne it now,

Then curse it then. But be it: let it liue.

It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:

You that haue bene so tenderly officious

With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,

To saue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,

So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,

To saue this Brats life?

*Antig.* Any thing (my Lord)

That my abilitie may vndergoe,

And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;

Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,

To saue the Innocent: any thing possible.

*Leo.* It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword

Thou wilt performe my bidding.

*Antig.* I will (my Lord.)

*Leo.* Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile

Of any point in't, shall not onely be

Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,

(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,

As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry

This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it

To some remote and desart place, quite out

Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it

(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,

And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune

It came to vs, I doe in Iustice charge thee,

On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodies torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place,

Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.

*Antig.* I sweare to doe this: though a present death

Had bene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)

Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens

To be thy Nurfes. Wolues and Beares, they say,

(Casting their sauagenesse aside) haue done

Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous

In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing

Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side

(Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.) *Exit.*

*Leo.* No: Ile not reare

Another's Issue.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Ser.* Please your Highnesse, Posts

From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come

An houre since: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,

Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,

Hasting to th' Court.

*Lord.* So please you (Sir) their speed

Hath bene beyond accompt.

*Leo.* Twentie three dayes

They haue bene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells

The great *Apollo* suddenly will haue

The